

АПА-Т#i4K

1 MAY 1982



SING SPIEL
=====

(SgSp)
14th Stanza
APA-Filk #14

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E. 18th St. #4A,
Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 212-336-3255 /
April 20, 1982

GOIN' TO BOSKONE

My ride up to Boskone was the stuff filksongs are made on. While the fans in that song merely had to contend with getting lost, Marc Glasser, others and I had a van whose engine caught fire, melted and might have blown. ("If we're not there by Sunday night, we're incendiary.") At the con (somehow anticlimactic), I avoided Filthy's for a filksing at the Golds' and a small, enjoyable one at Glasser's. I didn't get to any filksings at Lunacon or Balticon.

ECHIDNA NOT

When David Attenborough's PBS series "Life on Earth" examined the monotremes and marsupials, I sang the appropriate verses from the NESFA Hymnal and Boardman's additions. My coworker, Florence P., thought Filthy's echidna verse awful (esp. scansion) and came up with this one (some minor revisions by me):

The spiny echidna has quills everyplace
And nobody wants to get close to his face.
Since he's covered with prickles below
and above,
I wonder how spiny echidnas make love.

HALF-BAKED FILK

As part of an April Fool's fake news broadcast we did over WBAI-fm, Greg Baker and I did a song "We're Three Sandinistas" (orig. "Caballeros"); kazooing by Fred Kuhn. Greg should have it (with additions) elsewhere in this issue. We also did, with Abby, "Libya" (tune "Lydia").*

&- THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-Filk #13

&---&---&---&---&---&---&---

ANAKREON/John Boardman: The stock market crash was on Tuesday (Oct. 29) not Friday. For some reason, the last stanza of "Battle Hymn of the Investor" reminds me of Lipton. // I remember your reaction when you heard the words to "M*A*S*H": "Changes? [rhyming with] Painless?"

SOMETHING OF NOTE/Bob Lipton: At Philcon, Fred Kuhn also came up with yet another "Nuke the Whales", to the tune of "Duke of Earl." // Excellent suggestion re "The Babel Engineers" but not my style.

A WAND'RING MISTRIAL I/Dave Schwartz: Clever title. // Re Freud, there is also this one (tune resembles "Gallagher/Sheen"; don't know the author):

// And there's a prosecutor in Whiteville,

"So after all is said and done,
"David is dead, killed by Bobby's
gun.
"The state contends you should see
as a fact
"That there was no excuse for this
act.
"This is what this case is all about
"And you should find so beyond a
reasonable doubt."
The jury returned a guilty verdict. ■

NC who does his

summations in verse

(yes, poetic justice), such as the one at left.

Oh, Doctor Freud, oh, Doctor Freud,
How I wish you had been differently employed,
For this set of circumstances
Still enhances the finances
Of the followers of Doctor Sigmund Freud.

SONG OF THE SCOP/Dana Hudes: Is the title supposed to be a play on "Song of the South" (Jimmy Carter)?

- & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & -

*In case Greg doesn't print the "Libya" song, my verse goes:

Libya, O Libya, Oh, have you seen Libya, } [Greg's]
Libya the cock-eyed country?
They've a leader called Khaddafi
With a brain like Turkish taffy
And if, when you meet him, you snicker or laugh he
Will kill you there in Libya.

and now a filk about APA-Q's beloved space rabbi (not quite Real Old Time Religion) -

[Songs have grown around every great figure of myth and legend. The following Purim song has been raided from the lost archives of the scribe Moshe Eleazar ben-Baruch ha-Levil]

SHALOM, IT'S BARUCH ROGERS*

Shalom, it's Baruch Rogers,
The Rabbi for the Space Jew
(Did someone say "Gottenu"?)
Oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

As Rabbi to the Space Jews
He keeps his people kosha
As per the Laws of Moshe,
Oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

"Are you a Jew?" he asks them
And makes them put on tfillin
(Though they may be unwillin')
Oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

He once fought off a monster
By saying to the creature,
"You're trefeh, we can't eatcha,"
Oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

He gets a lot of tsuris
From JENTA, his computa,
Who thinks he's Tribe of Judah,
Oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

He met a man, Lazar Klein,
Whose age it was uncanny
(With jokes way older than he!)
Oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

When landsmen needed helping,
Bravely the risks he tooka
And so there's Space Chanukah,
Oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

When foes attack on Pesach,
Yom Kippur or on Succos,
They get a pain in tuchis,
Oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

As fighter he shows skilla--
Hey, people, please sit stilla,
I'm ending this Megillah,
Oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

So blessed be the Rabbi,
May G-d keep him -- please elsewhere!
Some wise judging,
Too much noodging,
And that's why we could sing,
Oy vey, oy vey, oy vey!

*Tune resembles the ancient ballad "Hooray for Captain Spaulding," the copyright on which expired many centuries ago.

The miraculous adventures of Baruch Rogers, Space Rabbi in the 65th Century Hebrew Calendar (27th Century CE) have been appearing in APA-Q since 1977 CE. His ship's computer is the Judaically-programmed Ethnocentric Nomothetic Talmudic Analytic Computer Series 18; programmed with Scripture and Talmud, it thinks it's Jewish. If there are any questions about vocabulary, feel free to ask JENTA.

THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

Vicious Attack on U.S.:
I SPIT ON AMERICA: KHADDAFY
-- NY Post Headline

LIBYA

[tune - "Lydia (the Tattoo'd Lady)"]

- Greg Baker, Mark Blackman, I Abro Cinii

Libya, O Libya, Oh have you seen Libya,
Libya the cockeyed nation? [GB]

Oil producing, mostly harmless
(Hope and pray that they stay Bombless).

Libya, O Libya, Oh have you seen Libya,
Libya the cockeyed nation?

They've a leader called Khaddafy,
With a brain like Turkish taffy
And if, when you meet him, you snicker or laugh, he
Will kill you there in Libya. [MB]

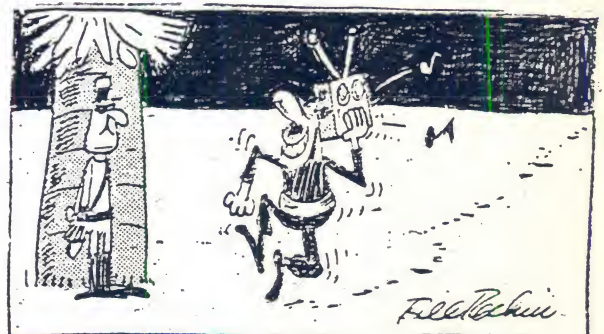
Libya, O Libya, Say, have you fought Libya,
Libya with Colonel Khaddafy?

He's the guy that you'll despise so
And his army ain't so wise, so ...

Libya, O Libya, an encyclopibia,
Libya, the queen of them all! ...

You can lift up the veils in a sultan's hareem,
The girls are so lovely, you'll just want to scream,
But hit the deck! Here comes an RDF team! *
You can learn a lot from Libya! [IAC]

*RDF = Rapid Deployment Force



File by Gregory A. Baker, G-10
125th Street, Richmond Hill, NY
11418 or (712)-441-8553. Bad
cinematography by Gregory Baker.

WE'RE THREE SANDINISTAS (to the tune of "Three Caballeros")
Third verse by Mark Blackman. The rest by Gregory Baker.

2. The first Sandinista:
Is playing turista
3a. Inside the ex-dictators'
 palace.
He's weaving the path
To the great marble bath
And he's spraying graffiti
 with some hints of malice.

CHO: A new revolution,
Is not the solution,
But here's an ablation
For three Sandinistas.

4. The last Sandinista
Taunts "Imperialista,
over! Your threats and your bluster
don't harm me!
We've got some protection-
A Cuban connection-
So come and blockade with
your navy and army!"
CHC: It's not that we want
on. It's just that we haunt you,
And fair's fair- we'll taunt
you.
The three Sandinistas!

I'd been kicking the idea around for some time, but Mark provided the impetus to finish it in time for the April First program of "What the World Says", which is my shortwave news broadcast. We did this as part of our "Not Radio Moscow News" skit. The response was---well, interesting. One person called it sopohomoric, which I think is silly. Sophomores write better material. Another caller wanted to know whether we were for or against the revolution. Fred Kuhn, the show's host, replied, that one could be against United Fruit and the Sandinist revolution at the same time. I was trying to write a descriptive song. I wasn't trying to make a political point. There are songs enough for that in this world.

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This Darkover folksong, was written on the train going to
Wilmington, Delaware, for the Grand Council meeting.

STARSTONES FOR CATS (Music: "Turkey in the Straw")
by Gregory Baker

Well, I had a little starstone that felt funny in my hands
When I went a-wandering through Kilghard lands.
I tried to contact Satar but it wouldn't work somehow,
When I used laran, the starstone said, "Meow!"

Starstones for cats, starstones for dogs,
Satarstones for rabbits, chickens and frogs,
My matrix stone is flawed somehow,
When I try to use laran the stone still says, "Meow!"

2. Well, there used to be some catmen here a little while ago,
But they all went south because they hate the snow.
And they're kept out of the valley, since our Dom has made
a vow,
But I use laran and still the stone says, "meow!"
Starstones for cats...

3. I wonder if our Keeper's out to have a little fun,
She's a bit eccentric since she's eighty-nine.
So I went into the Overworld to have it out with her,
But I used laran and still the stone went "Purrrr..."

Starstones for cats...

4. The cattle's near a panic when it's time to feed their young
Since I steal their milk and lap it with my tongue.
And sleeping on the floor is bliss- I can't get over that-
And I love to prowl at night and catch a rat.

Starstones for cats...

5. Well, I have an orange tomcat and his mate's an orange queen
With an orange little like you've never seen!
And I guess that gods have planned it ever since this world
began,
But who would have thought a cat would have laran?

Starstones for cats...

Mailing comments and other nasty remarks

LEE: I would have written some of the music, except that it
takes so much time that I can't spare now- I'm not very facile
at that. Why don't I send you a tape?

DANA: Please separate your lines in your verses next time.
It's hard to read.// I used that Air Force tune as the basis
for the "Rebel Pilot's Lament".

Orthagio delendra est, GREG

DOCTOR ORBIT VS. THE TROUBLE CLEF/E ABOVE MIDDLE C is
xxx4222 aka More Filksongs About Buildings And Food
aka More Doctor Orbit Papers pages 15,16,23, & 24 is
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This is a naturalzine for APA-filk #14 and APA-nu #84 or 85.

A DAY ON THE LANGDON

© 1982 by Charles A. Belov

tune: A Day In The Life

by John Lennon and Paul McCartney

as sung by The Beatles on Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts'

Club Band album

1. I read a zine today, oh boy,
About a lucky fan who made big name
His theories about fannish sex; /note 17
A diagram was drawn;
Fens' names appeared upon;
A line connects those blest in bed
Or wherever they happen down to lay.
It shows for all the eyes to see
What once was rumor-torn,
And how closely you have been connected to the fen next door. /note 27

2. I went to con today, oh boy,
And at a party had a nice surprise:
A fan who once had turned me down
Invited me to bed.
"Certainly," I said.

I love to go to cons.

/note 37

(cont'd)

Note 3: This verse will serve as my Denvention II report.

Note 1: Theories is pronounced above with two syllables. If
you pronounce it with three, substitute "theories of".

Note 2: I first learned of Langdon Diagrams by reading APA-nu.



3. Woke up / at ten of four.

The maid was pounding on the door.

I yelled "Go away!" / Gave my eyes a rub,

Saw that there was / lime Jello in the tub.

Thought it proved to be a pain

We finally got it down the drain.

Opened up the door / stuck out my head.

The maid was gone / so we went back to bed.

Ahhhhhhhh...

/note 47

4. I read a zine today, oh boy,

Four thousand lines on Langdon Diagrams.

And though the print was rather small,

I had to read it all.

Now I know how many fen it takes to hold a worldcon

ball.

/note 57

I love to go to cons.

Note 4. Very loosely based on Joe Haldeman's GOH speech at Philcon about the "true lime jello incident".

Note 5: A zine I'd like to see.

DID YOU EVER SEE A FAN (GO TO DISCLAVE AND DATCLAVE)?

(c) 1982 by Charles A. Belov
tune: Did You Ever See A Lassie?

Did you ever see a fan go to Disclave and Datclave?

Did You ever see a fan go to Disclave and Dat'?

To Disclave and Dat Datclave

To Disclave and Datclave

Did you ever see a fan go to Disclave and Dat'?

Note: Disclave is the Washington, DC, annual SF convention,
and Datclave is their relaxicon.

I DON'T LIKE MUNDANES
© 1982 by Charles A. Belov
tune: I Don't Like Mondays
by B. Geldof
as sung by The Boomtown Rats on their The Fine Art
of Surfacing Album



DOJTC E:3 ©1982 Charles A. Belov MDOP 23

1. The silicon chip in the elevator
Gets Switched to overload,
And no-one will make it to the party floors
Unless they take the stairs.
Hotels do not understand it:
Their elevators always worked before.
And they can see no reasons,
'Cause there are no reasons,
So they make a few more rules.

CHORUS: (So ask me why) I don't like mundanes.

(Ask me why) I don't like mundanes.

(Ask me why) I don't like mundanes.

I want to zap (za-a-a-a-ap) the hotel down.

2. The hotel lobby is kept so clean
To present to its arriving guests.
But the guests are turned off and stare and scoff
At the Wonder Women and aliens.
~~You'd think this scene~~
You'd think this scene

Would be preety keen;

Now it ain't as good

As we thought it would.

And they can see no reasons,
'Cause there are no reasons,
So they make a few more rules.
(CHORUS)

Down, down, down, zap it on down. (cont'd)

DISCLAIMER: The above filksong does not necessarily represent the opinion of its author, but rather is intended to open to discussion the problem of misunderstandings between hotels and fen and disagreements between different types of fen.



3. Now it's three ayem and the con suite's closed.

We ~~all~~ are going to meet in somebody's room.

And soon we are filking,

And the filksong we're learning

Is about cons and hotels and problems there.

And security ~~has~~ & jackals' walkie-talkies crackles

As they say they've got to close us down.

And we can see no reasons, 'cause there are no reasons,

Why they couldn't block the f rooms.

(if singing album version) And... (repeat first verse).

(either version):

(Ask me why) I don't like mundanes.

(Ask me why) I don't like mundanes.

(Ask me why) I don't like, I don't like,

I don't like mundanes.

I don't like, I don't like, I don't like mundanes.

I want to zap (za-a-a-a-ap) the hotel down.

DISCLAIMER: The above filksong is not necessarily the actual opinion of its author but rather is intended to open to discussion the problems between hotels and fen, and between different groups of fen.

WHY DON'T WE DO IT IN LIME ~~AND~~ JELLO

© 1982 by Charles A. Belov

tune: Why don't We Do It In The Road

by John Lennon and Paul McCartney

as done by The Beatles on "the white album"

Why don't we do it in lime jello?

Why don't we do it in lime jello?

Why don't we do it in lime Jello?

Why don't we do it in lime Jello?

Filksongs will be sung of us.

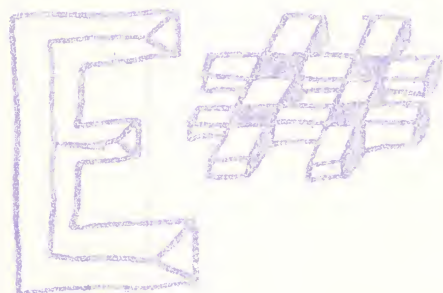
Why don't we do it in lime Jello?

(repeat until sick of this song or sick of lime jello)

5

Doctor Orbit vs.

THE TROUBLE CLEF



(ABOVE
MIDDLE
C)

DOCTOR ORBIT VS. THE TROUBLE CLEF/E SHARP ABOVE MIDDLE C
aka Notes From All Over aka More Doctor Orbit Papers pages 25-
28 is © 1982 by Charles A. Belov unless otherwise copyrighted
in my behalf as a part of APA-filk. 4/12/82 for APA-filk #14.
Charles A. Belov aka The Official Charlie Belov aka Doctor Orbit
aka The Good Doctor "O" resides at 29 Crestwood Road, West Hart-
ford, CT 06107. Phone (203) 521-0473 (before 10 pm please).
And yes I am aware that E sharp is the same note as F in our
even-tempered half-tone scale, so no reproachments, please.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME, or Daring Comments on APA-filk #12

Singspiel 12 (Blackman): Anakreon #11: re 42, how about

What do you get when you multiply /
the number six by nine?

You'd think that the answer was fifty-four /
and normally that would be fine;

But the answer to life, the universe, and everything /
has entropy deeply entwined;

So...

2000-01-12

Charlie Selov

ADOP 26

Q: When six and nine
are combined by multiplying?
You think that the answer was fifty-four/
and normally that's the right thing;
but not now, make up the answer to life,
the universe, and everything;



Sc...

Q: (Groot) I used to live in Ingram, over on the other
side of Pittsburgh. Do you know Clark Myers or Lou Madjerich,
both now or formerly of Pitcairn?

A: (Jennasser) Gee, a time I actually know! I have
"Misty Morning" on the Warner Bros. sampler album,
I remember, and according to that, it is also on the Steeleye
Span album I Parcel Of Fogues. GAE.

Q: (Groot) Comments on APA-Filk #13:

A: (Jennasser): (Groot): Semi-semicancellation on SCA is
difficult for my brain to process; it tried to read "usig We str
... Could you please use full semi-cancellation?//cSingspiel #12:
... by Mammie is on love at Argie's Birthday Party;
... of Melanie; and Melanie live at Carnegie Hall.
Now, I cannot reply the lyrics here due to copyright restrictions.
//cGroot #12: ... somehow wound up with 2 copies each of APA-Filk
#12 & #13. I passed the surplus on to Mike Robin (ee?), a
... into folk.

Q: (Groot): I believe the song on the last page (the
original tune, that is) was called "End of the World" tho I'm
not sure. Could you please put your "to the tune of" at the
top, before the new lyrics. (Groot) No need for that. (Groot) No need for that.

A: (Jennasser): (Groot): I thought the c in the
circle was necessary for the copyright to be recognized inter-
nationally. (This comment as a lay-person.)//cAnakreon #12: It
would be interesting to read an SF story in which transubstan-
tiation actually worked, specifically the Christian ritual, not
something like the Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldrich. (Arrgh!
you mean I'm actually discussing SF? What is this APA doing
to me???)

Q: (Groot): (Jennasser): (Singspiel): Actually, a
song was made of "to the tune of" when Mad Magazine was sued
for the thing along with Mad insert. I believe (again as a lay-
person) that Mad won because parody was a protected form of
expression or some such. But my guess would be that printing
the chords from the original song would not be fair use.//Groot
of Singspiel: (Groot) No need for that. (Groot) No need for that.
Note: I may be misinterpreting this rule, but
if so, it is because the rule is unclear. What one person
might find offensive, another may not, and vice versa. I
would not necessarily find a song with explicit sexual or



metastatological content offensive, but I find ethnic jokes offensive; and putting an ethnic joke into a song such as Changing the Lightbulb does not make it inoffensive, even if removing all the ethnic verses would make part of the chorus meaningless with respect to the song. Some people may find my I Don't Like Mundanes offensive. // Interesting discrepancies between your account and RBL's account of the genesis of the lightbulb song. // Excellent idea for a Sturgecized songbook, but who would choose the crap? Maybe we need the equivalent of a fanish ASCAP to keep track of which songs are being sung how much. // Torch Carol: "Feminine" and "masculine" rhymes sound sexist and are not particularly descriptive terms. How about ~~penultimate~~ and ~~ultimate~~ penultimate and ultimate?

Notes on my naturalzine: I plan to run my filksong pseudo-simultaneously in APA-Filk and APA-nu, whereas my sharpzine (comments, etc., re APA-Filk) I will run in APA-Filk only. Again, filksongs will be in mine or xerox to encourage promulgation, thusly enhancing my egoboo; whereas my sharpzine will be in ditto, at least for now, because it's cheaper, & sometimes my naturalzine will include "pure" filksongs (as opposed to "applied"), that is, songs written for the sake of writing them and not because I expect them to be sung. For instance, I don't expect I Don't Like Mundanes to become popular because it's so negative. If I ever write Alice's Mars Cafe Blastout (to Alice's Restaurant Massacre), it will be too long (18 min); Fanoclastic Oaths (to Rhinocratic Oaths by the Bonzo Dog Band) (spoken & too wordy); and Glad to be Fen (to Glad to be Gay by the Tom Robinson Band), too vicious. I would have to write them solely for the joy I get out of writing them and not count on much egoboo.

Biodegradable data: 29, male, Computer Programmer, fan since Norrecon II. APAs: APA-H (retired), CAPRA (possibly retiring), NEMTAT (retired), APA-nu (still committed), and one other apa under a pseudonym. Filker in moderation. Have been writing songs since I was a child. Have written filksong-type songs sporadically: the first I remember was at about age 10-12. This is The Land of Channel Twenty to the tune of This is The Land of Milk and Honey; it was about watching different channels successively. Interestingly enough, I don't think the song mentioned anything about the programs that were on those channels. Born & lived in Philly to 1960, Pittsburgh to 1974, then CT since. Instrument played: kazo. Can transcribe a 3-minute song in about ten hours, and forget about chords. I'm no good on sight reading either, tho if I already know the song I can sometimes follow along. Favorite music: new wave rock. Also like progressive rock. Tolerate pop, disco, and classical, and c&w. Forget polka. Jaz I enjoy for about an hour, then go into withdrawal. Reggae it depends.

My feelings about filking: As I said, I like it in moderation. I don't like filking till dawn except in the case of a typographical error. I get very frustrated when I can't fill at all, either, as at the last Boskone, when I had a sore throat the

An exception would probably be songs promoting rape or sexual oppression. My "Jury"

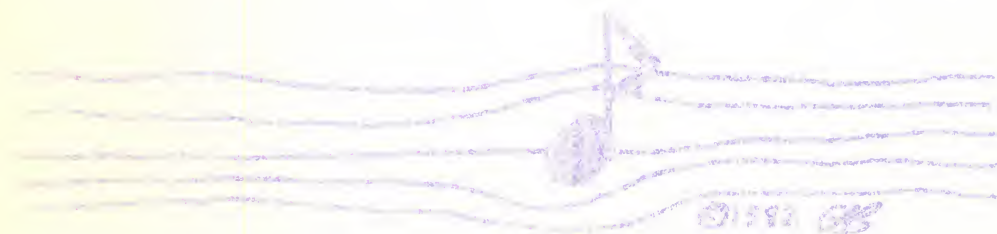


songs song. I very much enjoy Marc Glasser's format of filking in which there is a good mix of performance songs, sing-along-with-the-chorus songs, and sing-along-to-the-whole-something-if-you-can songs. The last one best when one can sing along to as much of the song as possible without a copy of the song. I guess the almost-perfect song from that point of view would be my Did You Ever See A Fan (Go To Wislawa and Datchew?) in DO:TC/E. Just by my saying the title as Marc's Filloon Filking, he was able to play and almost everybody knew all the words instantly. The best one in regular use would probably be the one that starts "The fans are singing one for one", where even someone hearing the song for the first time can sing along with about 75% of the song. Chorus song approach this ideal when they have short verses in introduction to the chorus, for instance Marc's Galfate song; and possibly they will keep on growing, among others. Of course, if filkingbooks are readily available, more complex lyrics can be successful for group sings. (Which, to encourage sure one liberal leads back to Lee's idea for a Surgesized Filkingbook.)

I do have a few more Filksongs in the works already, so I'm looking forward to getting this next issue of APA-filk as I can start on my next zine.

What do I do with all this blank space?

Basically, many of the other songs were interesting. Unfortunately (1) I know almost nothing about SCA or medieval history (2) I don't know most of the tunes used and (3) as I said before, I don't read chords. But then again, the wealth of music available for being filkized guarantees that. It does not reduce the pleasure of being in this age, tho it does reduce an appreciation of individual songs. Let's face it, ~~every~~ ~~good~~ ~~day~~ ~~describes~~ ~~today~~ it's hard to discuss SF anymore as well; everybody is reading different things. It's just one of the hazards of living the ~~modern~~ ~~and everything~~. Glad to be here.



The Effect Of The Theory Of
Relativity on Music

SOMETHING OF NOTE #14

Something of Note is produced for APA-Filk by Robert Bryan Lipton
of 31 West 47th Street,
New York City, N.Y.
10036. Daytime telephone
number is [212] 757-1717.
This has been produced on
a Digital WT78 Word Terminal. Begun 13 April 1982 for APA-Filk
#14.

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE
QUANTITY PUBLICATION
446

BE PREPARED

Tom Lehrer notes in his introduction to one of his songs that we must write songs for the next war now, because when the next war comes, we will all be too dead to write them. With the introduction of the concept of 'limited war' made popular in Korea and Viet Nam, however, it appears that there will be many people around to sing these songs. Or, at least parts of them. Parts of the many people, at any rate.

Even so, it behooves us to write these songs now. I can think of no popular American War song written while the war it commemorated took place. "Yankee Doodle" was written shortly after the French-and-Indian War to poke fun at the bumptious militiamen of the Colonies. "John Brown's Body" was written just before the Civil War, and "Marching Through Georgia" afterwards; while "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again" is merely a bowdlerization of one of those depressing ballads the Irish sing ('With your drums and guns and your guns and drums/ The enemy nearly slew ye./ Ah, Johnny, dear, ye look so queer./ Johnny, I hardly knew ye.'). The filked "Damn the Filipino," with its memorable "Underneath a starry flag/ Civilize 'em with a Krag" is repetitious and, in any case, belongs to the Insurrection and not the Spanish-American War. World War One would appear to have produced many well-known songs, but the only ones I can think of are the "Caissons" song and "Over There," both produced in the decade before the War.

Jumping ahead to a time some of us will remember, the only memorable song to come out of World War Two is "The Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B," which, while entertaining is hardly something you can march to. "Der Fuehrer's Face" also seems to be losing currency. I can think of no Korean War songs and the only two which come to mind from Viet Nam are "The Ballad of the Green Berets" and "One, Two, Three, What are We Fighting For?" The former is strictly tin-pan-alley. The latter is dull and should and will vanish.

So, it appears that to get a good song for the next war, we should start now.

Since it appears that we are about to revive the Monroe Doctrine in its originally-conceived formula (the U.S. and Britain have free reign in the Western Hemisphere) in the biggest attempt at National Unity and Getting Us Out of a Depression in the last forty years, I herewith offer the following ditty:

Look for the Sandinista

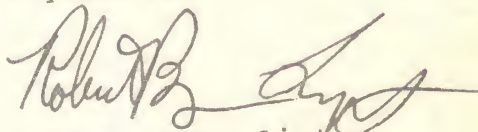
Look for the Sandinista,
Before retiring, beneath your bed.
A good Fed guns down
Gun-toting nuns down
After the Sun's down:
They're better dead than Red.

Conscription will be returning:
No draft-card burning,
It gets the Man sore.
So look for the Sandinista
And the All-American Patriotic War!

See Argentina's navy,
It looks so wavy, beneath the sea.
The Falklands,
No place to squawk, land's
For war, not talk and s-
Omeone will die, please.

The Empire may be diminshed,
But it's not finished
Forevermore.
So take a look at the sunken Navy,
And good old-fashioned 'Conflict of Interests' War!

Abyssinia,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Robert B. Lipton', with a stylized flourish at the end.

Robert Bryan Lipton

A WAND'RING MISTRIAL I #2

26/4/82

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This is A WAND'RING MISTRIAL I #2,
published for APA-Filk #13 by David
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@@@@@@@@@@@

WHY THERE IS NO COPYRIGHT ARTICLE THIS APA*FILK

Unfortunately, due to the press of business, my chronic laziness, and the fact that the Copyright Office hasn't sent me the circulars that I requested, I must regretfully postpone the second & final part of my article on copyright until next APA-Filk. I apologise profusely to all.

~~~~~

SHREDS & PATCHES: APA-FILK #13

~~SING~~ SPIEL #13 (Blackman): RAE, ENC.

FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN #4 (Groot): I think "The Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic" is about the only thing from APA-Filk I can think of that might sound good on a tape. (There are probably others, but I can't think of any just now!).

STRUM UN DRANG IV, #1 (Burwasser): I think names still aren't copyrightable; at least, titles aren't, according to the folks I talked to at the C.O.

As to my voice: I've discovered my trouble is that I am a 'foghorn' unless I (a) have no cold or sore throat, (b) sing in a very, very, very deep basso profundo, and (c) start in pitch. Trouble is, most songs either are high-pitched, or go up there near the end. Sigh.

SONG OF THE SCOP #1 (Hudes): RAE, BFC.

Last Friday night, a bunch of us were up at FISTFA, and Mark Blackman mentioned that he was designing some verses about Libya to the tune of "Lydia the Tattooed Lady", of Marxist fame. Since I had been thinking about this for Some Time Now, on & off (but mostly off), I feel no compunction about stealing a march on Mark & giving one of my verses, but noting Mark's work so he shouldn't feel deprived of due egoboo:

Libya, oh, Libya, say have you seen Libya,  
Libya, the crazy country?  
They all support the P.L.O.  
Those terrorists know where they can go  
'Cause Kaddafi's oil makes arms money flow;  
Let's all steer wide of Libya!  
La la la la la la (etc)

Libya, oh, Libya, say have you seen Libya,  
Libya, the Arab Re-pub-lic?  
Beneath the desert they've oil and gas,  
Above it Khadafi's a pain in the ass,  
Let's reverse their positions and let's do it fast!  
Or we'll be in hock to Libya!

I could think of other verses if I had time, but this has to go out tonight to Boardman for printing.

A Me Ritorno,

/s/ David E.







# BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

presents

|       |         |    |         |        |         |
|-------|---------|----|---------|--------|---------|
| SSSSS | HH      | HH | AAAAA   | RRRRRR | EEEEEEE |
| SS SS | HH      | HH | AA AA   | RR RR  | EE      |
| SS    | HH      | HH | AA AA   | RR RR  | EE      |
| SSS   | HHHHHHH |    | AAAAAAA | RRRRRR | EEEEEE  |
| SS    | HH      | HH | AA AA   | RR RR  | EE      |
| SS SS | HH      | HH | AA AA   | RR RR  | EE      |
| SSSSS | HH      | HH | AA AA   | RR RR  | EEEEEEE |

|         |      |      |        |
|---------|------|------|--------|
| AAAAA   | NN   | NN   | DDDDDD |
| AA AA   | NNN  | NN   | DD DD  |
| AA AA   | NNNN | NN   | DD DD  |
| AAAAAAA | NN   | NNNN | DD DD  |
| AA AA   | NN   | NNN  | DD DD  |
| AA AA   | NN   | NN   | DD DD  |
| AA AA   | NN   | N    | DDDDDD |

|         |      |      |       |       |      |    |
|---------|------|------|-------|-------|------|----|
| EEEEEEE | NN   | NN   | JJ    | 00000 | YY   | YY |
| EE      | NNN  | NN   | JJ    | 00 00 | YY   | YY |
| EE      | NNNN | NN   | JJ    | 00 00 | YY   | YY |
| EEEEEE  | NN   | NNNN | JJ    | 00 00 | YYYY |    |
| EE      | NN   | NNN  | JJ    | 00 00 | YY   |    |
| EE      | NN   | NN   | JJ JJ | 00 00 | YY   |    |
| EEEEEEE | NN   | N    | JJJJJ | 00000 | YY   |    |

Welcome to SHARE AND ENJOY, an apazine by Marc S. Glasser (a/k/a Beyond the Frinsefan), intended for APA-FILK and such other poor fools as might find themselves ~~zffXlXlXl~~ receiving it if they let their guard down. Having contributed to said apa three times before--the first one being some overrun pages from a zine for another apa--it behooved me to devise a title, in case I should choose to run anything that didn't have a title of its own. My previous two submissions to APA-FILK, lyrics to "Yoda" and "Zaphod Beeblebrox and Me", should be considered retroactively to be Share and Enjoy #1 and #2 respectively. Hence this is Share and Enjoy #3, dated May 1982 and intended for APA-FILK's collation #14. Got that? There will be a short quiz next period; send your test papers to Marc S. Glasser at One, Two, Three, Many, 41 Eastern Parkway, #10-B, Brooklyn, New York 11238, and call for your grades at (212) 636-5628. This zine, which by the way is mostly ~~XzXlXzXz~~ Mark Blackman's fault, is a production of Quick Brown Fox Press, a subsidiary of Thisamajis Incorporated, and is copyright (c) 1982 by Marc S. Glasser.

It's mostly Mark Blackman's fault because he suggested that I ought to run two things through APA-FILK. By way of equal time in response to the interminable stream of verses to "That Real Old Time Religion" spewing forth from the mimeo of our esteemed OE, he proposed my reprinting an old filk on which I collaborated, alluding to Roger Zelazny's Lord of Light, whose protagonists named and modeled themselves after the gods of the Hindu pantheon. Never one to turn down a proposition, I'm reprinting "The Pantheon Ras" on page 2.

Mark also cited some dialogue appearing in APA-NYU in the last several months, of possible interest to APA-FILK and filk-singers in general. I reproduce it on page 3 for contemplation and discussion.



Page 2. , May 1982  
SHARE AND ENJOY #3  
...for APA-FILK #14...

# THE PANTHEON RAG

to the tune of  
"The Vatican Rag"

-by- Beyond the Frindefan and Judy Filkstone  
-a/k/a- Marc S. Glasser and Judith Goldstein

G7  
First you kneel down on your zines,

C  
Put a token in the prayer machines.

G7  
Bow your head with great respect and--

C  
Genuflect! Genuflect! Genuflect!

G7 C Bb7 A7  
Offer homage unto Brahma, Siva, Vishnu, Kali and Yama.

F F#dim C A7 D7 G7 C  
Acceleration's wearings out their patience, doing the Pantheon Ras!

G7  
Get in line and move up faster; you'll

C  
Step up to your Karma Master, who

G7  
Knows your life, your deeds in combat--if

C C7  
You're no good, you'll be a wombat next!

F Fm  
If you fear to die the True Death, be a wombat; die a new death.

F#dim G7  
Two, four, six, eight, time to go re-in-car-nate!

G7  
So kneel down upon your zines,

C  
Push the coin return on the prayer machines.

G7  
Bow your head with great respect and--

C  
Genuflect! Genuflect! Genuflect!

G7  
Great-Souled Sam refused Translation,

C Bb7 A7  
Sold the Gods on Acceleration.

F F#dim C A7  
Binder of Demons, Champion of the Freeman:

D7 G7  
Sam crashed the Pantheon--

D7 G7  
He smashed the Pantheon--

D7 G7 Cdim G7 C  
Sam trashed the Pantheon Ras!



## FILK SONGS, DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT FILK SONGS

It all started when David Rosenbaum ran the filksong "Yoda", on which both he and I were among the collaborators, in his zine Liaz? in APA-NYU #72 (May 1981). The following comment chain resulted.

Internal Validation as a Way of Life  
Mark Richards  
APA-NYU #75, August 1981

ROSENBAUM: I've got to look askance at any filk done to "Lola". But then, I prefer filks done to folk tunes.

Beyond the Frinsefan #63  
Marc S. Glasser  
APA-NYU #77, October 1981

[to Richards] (dDreamweaver) Why have you got to look askance at a filk done to "Lola"? Just because it's not a "folk" song? It's probably better known than the majority of true folk songs, and one of the essences of filksinging, to me, is the shock of recognition, that this silliness is to that well-known tune (which is why I often hesitate to do filk songs I think my audience doesn't know).

Grud's Plan 32  
Arthur D. Hlavaty  
APA-NYU #78, November 1981

Marc S. Glasser, ct Mark R: I don't write filks for the purpose of having a fannish or stfnal version of some beloved song--possibly because I spent quite

a while writing dirty songs that way before I got into fandom, and this, I guess, got it out of my system. When I do write a filk, I want it to stand on its own & be amusing to those who've never heard the original.

Self-Referential Fanzine 7  
Nancy Lebovitz  
APA-NYU #79, December 1981

[to Glasser] ctMark: On the other hand, the advantage of filks to less-known tunes is the avoidance of the "nausea of recognition" of hearing yet again a tune I'm already sick of.

Beyond the Frinsefan #66  
Marc S. Glasser  
APA-NYU #80, January 1982

[to Hlavaty] (dme) Well, I'd like to write songs that stand on their own whether or not the audience is familiar with the original--but looking back at what

I've written, and at filkdom in general, I don't think it generally works that way. It seems to me that "I Know the Plot" or "Hooray for Frodo Baggins" or "Thank Ghu I'm a Fannish Boy" (to use examples from my own work) make a lot less sense without knowledge of the songs being parodied. If there's any filk song of mine which can stand on its own, it's probably "Gafiate"; occasionally I even find people at filk songs who like it, request it, and later are very surprised to hear a couple of verses of "Shaving Cream".

Beyond the Frinsefan #68  
Marc S. Glasser  
APA-NYU #82, March 1982

[to Lebovitz] (dme again) I feel the "nausea of recognition" upon hearing the same song played for the hundredth time--on the radio or at a filksing. I don't

feel it upon hearing a filker do something new and clever to an old and time-worn tune. I do feel it upon hearing the hundredth similar variation on the same tune (it'll have to be an awful clever new set of lyrics to "Men of Harlech" or "The Song of the Temperance Union" if I'm not going to consider it a waste of time and a failure of creativity, for example). I wrote "Thank Ghu I'm a Fannish Boy" specifically because I was getting sick and tired of hearing John Denver's original every time I turned on the radio.



# PSYCHOTHERAPY

-by- Melanie Safka

to the tune of  
"The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the theories of Freud:  
He has taught me all the evils that my ego must avoid.  
Repression of the im-pul-ses results in paranoid,  
As the Id goes marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, glory, Psychotherapy!  
Glory, glory, Sexuality!  
Glory, glory, now we can be free,  
As the Id goes marching on.

2. There was a man who thought his friends to him were all superior,  
And this complex he imagined made life drearier and drearier,  
'Til his analyst assured him that he really was inferior,  
As the Id goes marching on.

CHORUS.

3. Do you drown your superego in a flood of alcohol,  
And so running after women 'til you're just about to fall?  
You may think you're having fun, but you're not having fun at all,  
As the Id goes marching on!

CHORUS.

4. Oh, sad is the masochism. The vagaries of sex  
Have turned half the population into total nervous wrecks,  
But your analyst will cure you (long as you can pay the checks),  
As the Id goes marching on.

CHORUS.

5. Is your body plagued by aches and pains that you can't understand?  
Compound fractures, ingrown toenails,  
floating kidneys, trembling hands?  
There's a secret to your troubles: you're in love with your old man,  
As the Id goes marching on!

CHORUS.

6. Freud's mystic world of meanings needn't have us mystified;  
It's really very simple what the psyche tries to hide:  
A thing's a phallic symbol if it's longer than it's wide,  
As the Id goes marching on!

~ CHORUS.

NOTES: The word "impulses" in the first verse is sung with accent  
on the first syllable (ick!) for proper scansion.  
In "concert" recordings, the remark "or something else" is  
spoken following first line of verse 3.

The above is in response to last collation's request by David Elvins  
Schwartz, whose zine title, incidentally, impresses me as a particular-  
ly clever pun. That's about all for this quarter. ~~PLEASE SEND ME~~ ~~YOUR~~  
~~NAME FOR THE NEXT ISSUE~~ Hope to see you again in August.

D O N ' T P A N I C !





TRUM

UND



RANG

Vol: IV #2

Sub

Helene

Perpetuated by Lee Burmester, at 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville, MD 20781, for inclusion in distribution 14 of APA-FILK. (Under new management.)

# t w a n g s

SONG OF THE SCOP (Hades): 'Scop' was the equivalent of the Norse 'skald', and the closest thing to 'bard' outside the Celtic languages. // Maybe Bob Lipton can sing Hacker's Lament; he likes mis-scanned verses. If you pronounce vll as ve-ay-ee, and -IV as eye-vee, you get something close to scansion. You also get noise.

Once a jolly hacker sat beside his vee-ay-eks/Ready to program in Fortran-eye-vee./ And he sang as he readied his program code to be compiled:/Why are they dumping all this onto me?/Why are they dumping, why are they dumping/Why are they dumping all this onto me?/And he sang as he watched his program's run aborting there:/Why are they dumping all this onto me?

WAND'RING MISTRIAL (Schwartz): At last! somebody who knows Tim. When you've got part two typed up, do repro the whole thing separately and spread it about. I want to send a copy to Aed and one to TI, and one to Derek, and a couple to . . . // I gather it's the second song that fascinates you, not Lincolnshire Poacher. // re ct to me: The last thing we need is Sibreak-o filk. \*shudder\*

FILK TIL DAWN (Groot): Now if Dave will tell us how to register such a tape, and the status of a tape with copyrighted tunes on it . . . // I suspect that delivery determines whether Sister Mary goes or not, same for Don't They Know.

\$INGSPIEL (Blackman):

SoN (Lipton) : Woof-woof. The three of us somehow made three PhilCon reports going around . . . ? that are recognisably the same con. I wonder if it's something

Bob, that song has possibilities. If the muse speak . . .

ANAKREON (Boardman): re songs pro-virginity: the maid in 'Preacher & the Maid' may or may not have been virgin, but she preserved what honor she started with. Yet I don't think the anti-filth troops would care for it.

COVER (Blackman): Appropriate.

# n o o d l i n g s

As long as Bob brought it up: the tune of Miner's Life (not Union Miner, Bob, that's a different song) is from a song called Caolin Lon, and don't ask me how to pronounce it. (Ask Unka Hall, he can pronounce Welsh.) If I can find the tune, I'll reproduce it; it must be in public domain by now.

I once did a SCAdian song to Caolin Lon, with no reference to Miner's Life. I went thru this period of hunting up traditional Welsh tunes to write to, since whatever their actual period, they sounded SCA period.



[ u n t i t l e d ]

(tune: Caolon Lon)

Horses neigh across the river: Clarion rings that bold decree.

Stamp their hooves, their sleek hides quiver.

The fetter breaks: the wolf runs free.

Sword blades ring across the border: Rank on rank ride knee to knee.

All await the marching order: The fetter breaks, the wolf runs free.

Grey across the land he glides, As a river seeks the sea.

The dew-damp grasses lash his sides:

The fetter breaks, the wolf runs free.

The first two verses go to the same half-verse of the tune, with an alteration in the last line. The third verse goes to the last half-verse of the tune.

The central image, of course, is Fenris free of the chain. I tried to develop it in the style of Nabokov's translation of SONG OF IGOR.

Now, to Bob's song.

Do you intend the last two lines as a refrain? This gives you a hard rime to deal with in each verse. You may end up ringing changes on sorrow/morrow, with now and again borrow/morrow. At least 'morrow has two good rimes: 'future' has none at all.

Second: poetic diction is always conservative to the point of archaic, but 'unto' in a song about fearless seeking of tomorrow is rather incongruous. Try this:

Cast your thoughts out toward tomorrow;  
Throw your heart out to the stars.

This gives you the Semitic parallel construction. You may want to work on that. (Short of extreme cases, constructions tend to the timeless rather than archaic. An ancient construction doesn't often date a verse.)

It also reminds me of a poetic direction for show-jumping: Throw your heart over, then jump after it.

I've got an idea for the first verse, but it's still vague. More later. How much later, I can't say.

+ \* + \* + \*



## s t o c k   p h r a s e s

We tend to avoid them now, but they were once the basis of verse tradition. Even today, they have their uses.

One of the many differences between SCAdians and Marklanders is that SCAdians quiet the hall before a performance. Marklanders say, if you're good enough to shut up for, people will shut up. Sophistry, I say. One voice in the middle of a noisy hall can't compete with the background level. By the time the people right next to you have shut up so the next batch outward can hear, the song's over.

I maintain that the custom of quieting the hall is what allows SCAdians to have art songs sung as solos; and not quieting the hall is what makes Marklandic songs either 1) Clam Chowder or some other group that can be heard; 2) songs with short verses and easy choruses; or 3) heavy on stock phrases and even stock verses. In short, a Markland singer either has a group along, or arranges the song to pick one up in short order.

Back to stock phrases.

Back at the October '80 University of Atlantia, Alura held a bardic workshop. Poor Alura keeps trying to entice neos into songwriting and singing, but she always gets a bunch of singers and songwriters instead of a bunch of neos at her workshops. So, once again, we had a technique-swapping session.

Including the use of stock phrases. This, after all, was how singer made up songs on the spot; most of it was made up already, and part of your training was to know what there was and how to use it.

I got to thinking about stock phrases in modern songs, and came up with the obvious. Given a couple of hours to compose in--and above all, pencil and paper to compose on--you don't need stock. So now the use of stock phrases is in disrepute. The well-stocked word-hoard is empty; I can hardly recall three or four true stock phrases from folk songs.

Oddly enough, the ones I can call to mind are all in murder ballads. Maybe not so oddly, since murder ballads usually start out as semi-chronicles. When a famous murder case is News, there isn't time for fancy composition, if you're going to get the song out before the hanging.

1.    knows/clothes

2.    hack/back

These are effectively stock verses. You fill in the details to fit the subject and the tune.

Stagolee was a bad man, everybody knows.  
Spent two hundred dollars, just to buy him a suit of clothes.  
He was a bad man, that mean old Stagolee!

Frankie was a good woman, everybody knows.  
Spent a hundred dollars, just to buy her man new clothes.  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

I used to wonder what the price of your clothes had to do with being bad or good. (We were all young once.) It wasn't till I read a discussion of the ILLIAD and BEOWULF (in undergraduate school, I think) that I realized the function of these



phrases; they filled out the line--in this case, an entire verse--and let you give the next idea a new one. No need to make two ideas fit into the same rime-sound.

Bring out your rubber-tired taxis; bring out your rubber-tired hacks.  
Carrying Johnny to the graveyard, they ain't gonna bring him back.  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Rubber-tired taxi: Rubber-tired hack.  
Seven going to the graveyard: Six a-coming back.  
Delia's gone, one more round,  
Delia's gone, one more round,  
Delia's gone, one more round,  
Delia's gone.

### 3. as \_\_\_\_\_ as they might be

This may not qualify as quite a stock phrase. The songs I know it from are all versions of each other.

There were three ravens on a tree, down-a-down, hey, down-a-down.  
They were as black as they might be, with a down.

There were two corbies on a tree,  
And they were black as they might be.

There were three crows sat on a tree, sing Billy McGee McGaw.  
There were three crows sat on a tree, sing Billy McGee McGaw.  
There were three crows sat on a tree,  
And they were black as crows could be.  
And they all flapped their wings and cried: Caw! Caw! Caw!  
Billy McGee McGaw!  
And they all flapped their wings and cried: Billy McGee McGaw!

It fills one purpose of a stock phrase: it gives an easy rime word. And the phrase itself is easy to fit into different situations by altering the adjective.

### 4. saddle & bridle

This is a 'heiroglyph' (as CSLewis put it) for a chase. And here at last is a stock phrase that I found somewhere else than a murder ballad--the not too far out.

Go saddle an' bridle my little yellin' mare,  
The grey one's not so speedy.  
I've rode all day, an' I'll ride all night,  
So I overtake my lady,  
So I overtake my lady.

Go bridle me my bold grey steed; the black ne'er ran so bonnie.  
For I must now to Edinboro town, to stand beside my Geordie.

'Black Jack Davie' is never a murder ballad in any of its versions, but that's no fault of the lady's husband. The jealous chase is in the same tradition.

'Geordie' is a murder ballad in some versions, including the one with this chase 'heiroglyph'. The better-known version has substituted deer-stealing or horse-theiving for homicide, and worn down the stock phrase until the original sense of it is lost.



Go saddle me my milk-white steed, Go bridle me my pony,  
For I must ride to London town, To plead for the life of  
Geordie.

(What with this and other differences, I much prefer the lady of the earlier, northern version. She had guts and determination, and she didn't whine.)

5. what do you think about that

This one gets out of the murder-ballad tradition entirely, and into play-party songs. But you find it in murder ballads, too.

Stagolee shot Billy de Lion, what do you think about that?  
Shot him down in cold blood, 'cause he stole his Stetson hat.  
He was a bad man, that mean old Stagolee.

My old man's a dustman, what do you think about that?  
He wears a dustman's jacket, he wears a dustman's hat,  
He wears a dustman's trousers, he wears a dustman's shoes,  
And every Saturday morning, he reads the Dustman's News.  
And some day, if I can,  
I'm going to be a dustman, the same as my old man.

My Old Man is a stock song, if there is such a thing. For each verse, you stick another trochee in place of 'dustman'.

As used in Stagolee, the phrase gives a stock rime. You make your statement in the first half-line, finish out the line with the stock phrase, and end the next line with one of the many rimes in -at. Or maybe the rime is always 'hat'. I often wondered where the magic Stetson came from in the Stagolee story; maybe from the stock phrase in the set-up verse?

Kindred -- the Come-all-ye

This isn't a stock phrase per se. You might say it's the field mark of what Russell Ames (in THE STORY OF AMERICAN FOLK SONG) called the 'occupational ballads'.

Come all ye bold sailormen, listen to me  
Come all you rounders, if you want to hear  
Come all you young fellows, so young and so fine  
Come along boys, and listen to my tale  
Come all ye jovial shanty boys, wherever you may be  
Come all you bold ox teamsters, wherever you may be  
et cetera, et cetera, et cetera

s o w h a t ?

OK, troops, what's the point of all this? What does it have to do with filk?

Two things: First, consider the chronicle song. Most of the filk chronicles, the daily-news type rather than the history type, are close takeoffs on some other song. Really close, as in keeping as much of the original as you can. I did something like this for "Falwell's Penthouse", if you recall; otherwise, I'd never have gotten it finished in time to still be

This is a form of stock song. Change-as-needed rather than fill-the-blanks. With a suitable set of chronicle stock phrases, there's no need to find a tune that's right already coupled to lyrics that are close to what you want already. Fill the rough rhymes from stock, and have free choice



of tunes. Useful. Especially when we start getting Japanese names that don't rime very well with any normal English rhythm pattern. I mean, we'll want to sing about the Halley flyby, won't we?

Second: Remember what I said about Marklandic singing? If you don't have a group to begin with, you sing something that picks one up as it goes. Something your audience can learn as they sing, or with short verses and a rousing--and easy--chorus. A group song.

Most folkers nowadays write art songs, not folk songs. Performances. (Ghu knows, my songs are full of stops and retards and places to recite instead of sing.) This is fine, but it's not really enough. We're short on group songs. Maybe, if we work out the right set of stock phrases--the sort of thing that helps you over a hard-to-rime name, even--we can go on and re-learn the rest of the folk tradition.

\*

Am. Most of my examples are well-known songs, but "delia" isn't. Here are the words. The tune may have to wait. I don't know how bold it is, but I'm fairly sure it's not copyrighted.

# D E L I A

Now the reason Tony shot Delia--she cursed him a wicked curse.

And if he hadn't shot her, she might have cursed him worse.

Delia's gone--one more round; Delia's gone--one more round;

Delia's gone--one more round; Delia's gone.

Now, the first time Tony shot Delia, he shot her in the side.

The second time he shot her, she curled right up and died.

Delia's gone (etc)

(alternate version

"fell down straight and died")

"Roll me over easy. Roll me over slow.

Roll me over one more time and never touch me no mo'."

Delia's gone (etc)

(alt ver: "Roll me on my left side, 'cause my wounds they hurt me so.")

Rubber tired taxi; rubber tired hack.

Seven goin' to the graveyard: six a-comin' back.

Delia's gone (etc)

Good-by, good-by Delia: good-by one long time.

Takin' her off to the graveyard-Obut she taught me last rime.

Delia's gone (etc)

I think I've forgotten a verse or so. Murder ballads are usually longer than that, tho "Deelia" is short for a murder ballad. But that's the skeleton of it.

\*

Late Nite Final: thish will not include tunes, as there won't be time to do them up & still get this in. Maybe nextish.



STRUM    UND    DRANG    title    index  
volume    three

all lyrics by Lee Burwasser, unless another author is indicated.

[tune indicated in brackets] followed by volume/issue numbers, and distribution

|                                                                         |                                |       |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|-------|-----|
| Alderan Belt                                                            | [Thais]                        | III/2 | #10 |
| Battle Song of the Jedi Knights, by Alex Gilliland                      | [Zhankoye]                     | III/2 | #10 |
| the Comely Maid of Islington, traditional                               |                                | III/1 | #9  |
| Derelect                                                                | [Highwayman, by Phil Ochs]     | III/1 | #9  |
| Exile                                                                   | [House Carpenter]              | III/3 | #11 |
| Falwell's Penthouse                                                     | [Lusty Young Smith]            | III/2 | #10 |
| Filkers Do It Til Dawn<br>this one is incomplete                        | [Comely Maid of Islington]     | III/1 | #9  |
| Han's Song                                                              | [Bad Man's Blunder]            | III/2 | #10 |
| Herald and Minstrel<br>reprinted from the ACORN, newsletter of Atlantia | [One Misty Moisty Morning]     | III/4 | #12 |
| Ken the Magic G-Man, by John Boardman and Lee Burwasser                 | [Puff the Magic Dragon]        | III/2 | #10 |
| Killer Elite                                                            | [Rosin the Beau]               | III/4 | #12 |
| the Marshal's Men                                                       | [Martin Said to His Man]       | III/3 | #11 |
| Morgan's Puppies                                                        | [Rosin the Beau]               | III/4 | #12 |
| Swift-Killer the Old One                                                | [Ruler of the Queen's Navy]    | III/2 | #10 |
| 2 untitled songs                                                        | [Banks of Sicily]              | III/1 | #9  |
|                                                                         | [Long Black Rifle]             | III/4 | #12 |
| verses to                                                               | All of the Filkers are Singing | III/2 | #10 |

# A P A - F I L K   t h i r d   y e a r

## distribution #9   February 1981

|                         |            |                     |
|-------------------------|------------|---------------------|
| Strum und Drang         | vol III #1 | Lee Burwasser       |
| Anakreon                | #9         | John Boardman       |
| SingSpiel               | #9         | Mark L Blackman     |
| QWxb!!5                 | [#5]       | Gregory A Baker     |
| Filkers Do It Til Dawn  | vol III #1 | Harold Groot        |
| Something of Note       | #9         | Robert Bryan Lipton |
| They'll Sing in Someone |            |                     |
| Else's Room Nex Time    | #7         | Margaret Middleton  |
| Hemidemisemiquaver      | #5         | Jordin Kare         |

## distribution #10   May 1981

|                     |            |                     |
|---------------------|------------|---------------------|
| Strum und Drang     | vol III #2 | Lee Burwasser       |
| Anakreon            | #10        | John Boardman       |
| Someone Else's Room | #8         | Margaret Middleton  |
| Hemidemisemiquaver  | #6         | Jordin Kare         |
| Filkers Til Dawn    | vol III #2 | Harold Groot        |
| Something of Note   | #10        | Robert Bryan Lipton |
| SingSpiel           | #10        | Mark L Blackman     |

## distribution #11   August 1981

|                                |            |                     |
|--------------------------------|------------|---------------------|
| SingSpiel                      | #11        | Mark L Blackman     |
| Something of Note              | #11        | Robert Bryan Lipton |
| Filkers Til Dawn               | vol III #3 | Harold Groot        |
| Hemidemisemiquaver             | #7         | Jordin Kare         |
| Strum und Drang                | vol III #3 | Lee Burwasser       |
| Someone Else's Room            | #9         | Margaret Middleton  |
| from Beyond the Fringefan 1981 |            | Marc S Glasser      |
| Anakreon                       | #11        | John Boardman       |

## distribution #12   November 1981

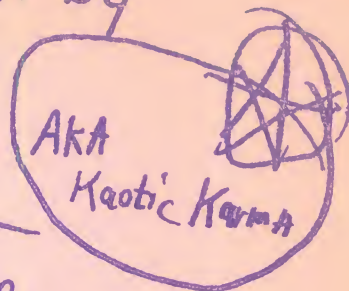
|                                |            |                     |
|--------------------------------|------------|---------------------|
| SingSpiel                      | #12        | Mark L Blackman     |
| Strum und Drang                | vol III #4 | Lee Burwasser       |
| from Beyond the Fringefan 1981 |            | Marc S Glasser      |
| Anakreon                       | #12        | John Boardman       |
| Filkers Til Dawn               | vol III #4 | Harold Groot        |
| Hemidemisemiquaver             | #8         | Jordin Kare         |
| Something of Note              | #12        | Robert Bryan Lipton |

this was the last year under Bob Lipton as Official Editor; fourth year starts John Boardman's sentence



Karmic Kaos for APA-Q and APA-FILK by  
THE DERANGED

Liz "LeStarr" Ensley 18 Hallock Rd.  
E. Quogue NY 11949 (516) OLD-LOV-5



Graduating from Suffolk this year... An Adm Bess Pub. # 1F

### My Most Favoured Things

LeStarr

to the tune of  
"My Favorite Things"

Mystics and seers and assorted dragons  
Red-headed unicorns running by wagons

Magickal princesses tied up with string  
These are a few of my most-favoured things

Long silken dresses with bright velvet sashes  
Handsome Barbarians with long eyelashes

And wizard's portents of what life may mean  
These are a few of my most-favoured things

When the sword bites

When the blade sings

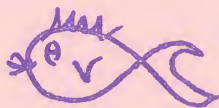
When I'm ~~be~~ being maimed

I only remember

My Most-favoured things

And simply, don't feel

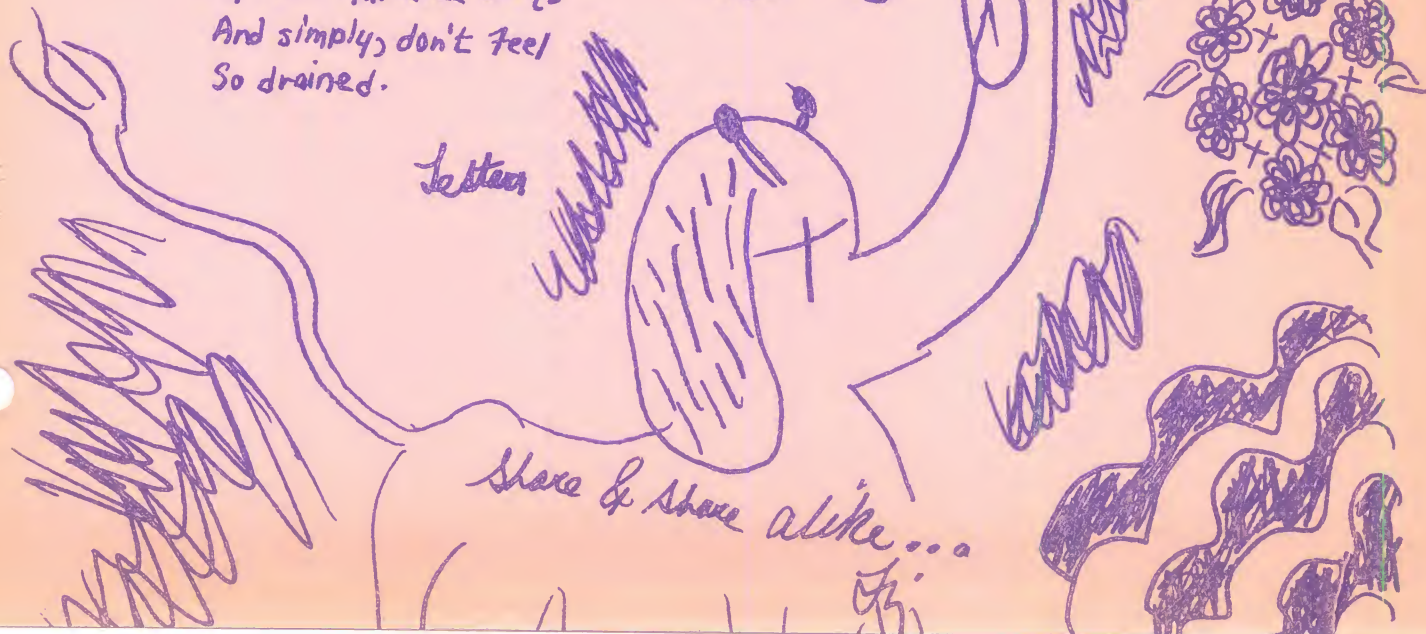
So drained.



LeStarr

Share & share alike...

Fi







# Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn

by Harold Groot

Verse 4

520 3<sup>rd</sup> St.

(412) 856-4083

Part 2

Pittsboro, Pa. 15140

I am annoyed, angry, bothered, beset by the heartbreak of Psoriasis, and in general what they call in the Fannish Vernacular **PISSED OFF.**

That's not just a quote from "Music, Sex and Cookies". Those are my true feelings. My car was broken into, and among the items taken were cassettes of Filksings, filk songbooks, old APA-Filks, and this quarter's submission to APA-Filk. Plus some other things that were just worth money. So deadline time is here, I have no songs, no list of songs for the APA-Tape, no grace notes - all of that went. And what's worse, they'll probably decide they don't like the tapes and **THROW THEM AWAY.** The songs I might be able to reconstruct, but not this.

All I can ask, for those interested in contributing to the apa-tape, is that you scan your own back copies of APA-Filk and see which of them had a comment like "Tune?".



For those who missed the announcement lastish, I would like people to send a cassette tape with a few of your songs on them. I'll put them all on a master, recopy them onto your original tape, and send it back to you. Please include return postage. Hopefully there will be requests from other people thish.

Confusion was a lot of fun. Margaret came up with a friend. While saliva in a wind instrument is not uncommon, this time I had to clean out my guitar. Margaret's friend is well endowed, was sitting on the floor, and kept leaning forward to read lyrics. We were all snowed in on Sunday, so we had a session starting at 9 pm and lasting past 4, equivalent to a Midnight to dawn session. Along with lots of good music (MW crowd plus Margaret, Blade, and Erin Jehrstrom) Joe Haldeman explained the Saga of Lime Jello and autographed a box for me. The evening ended with a version of Leaving on a Jet Plane, lines being made up as it was being sung, about trying to leave the con (Oh, babe, I hate the snow). Other takeoffs came quickly (SNOW is JUST A 4-letter word - "Seems like only yesterday I tried to leave this con, etc."

Balticon was a bust for filking - it's set up for folk and that's that.

In SCA, I got the Order of the Troubador in Jan., and rumor says I've won the king's Bard contest. We'll see.

Keep On Filking! N.Y.



# ANAKREON

#11, APA-Fluk Mailing #18

1 May 1982

## EVERY MAN AND WOMAN A STAR

by Alice Rhoades, Fred Kuhn, and Judy Harrow

((I first heard this song, sung by Fred Kuhn, at the residence shared by its three co-authors and Brian Burley on 26 February. I knew I had to have it in ANAKREON, and the co-authors kindly obliged with a text. The song refers to the ideas of the late Aleister Crowley, many of whose teachings are succinctly described as "moonshine". The title is a common saying of his. The tune is "Swinging on a Star", which APA-Fluk's older readers will remember being sung by Bing Crosby, playing a priest in an insid film called Going My Way. - JB))

CHORUS: Every man and woman's a star,  
Carry Moonshine home in a jar,  
And be better off than you are,  
Or would you rather be a sheep?

A sheep's made of mutton and is nifty to munch,  
So come on and take a sheep to lunch.  
And slaughter cute little babies, too,  
'Cause leg of lamb is good for you.  
And so if you follow Jesus or Bo Peep,  
You may grow up to be a sheep.

CHOURS: But every man and woman's a star,  
Carry moonshine home in a jar,  
And be better off than you are,  
Or would you rather be a goat?

A goat is an animal with horns and a beard,  
And a slight inclination for the weird.  
He's independent and capricious, too.  
Now don't that sound a bit like me and you?  
So if you don't like a leash around your throat,  
You may grow up to be a goat.

FINAL CHORUS: 'Cause every Lord and Lady's a star  
Carry moonshine home in a jar,  
And be better off than you are.  
You can be better than you are,  
'Cause everybody is a star!



## YESTERFILK - I

This is the first appearance of a new feature in ANAKREON. Filksinging, however, is quite an old impulse. Putting new words to well-known tunes, particularly when the new words are topical or satirical, is a very old custom. (The tune that we know as "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" or "The Bear Went Over the Mountain" was sung by the men who marched off to the First Crusade nine centuries ago as "Lignum Crucis Signum Ducis".)

The first song in the Yesterfilk series comes from the 4th Printing of the 34th Edition of the venerable "Little Red Songbook". It is properly called Songs of the Workers and subtitled "Songs to fan the flames of discontent", and has been published regularly since 1909 by the Industrial Workers of the World. The following song is to the tune of Sir Arthur Sullivan's well-known "Onward Christian Soldiers" and first appeared in the songbook's 9th edition in 1913.

## Christians at War

by John F. Kendrick

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain:  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill.  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward Christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.  
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ okays the bill.  
Steal the farmer's savings, take the grain and nest;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.  
Burn the peasants' cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet;  
Trample human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.  
Trust in mock salvation; serve as tyrants' tools:  
History will say of you: "That pack of G.. d... fools."

It is interesting to observe how the euphemisms of the day affected even such anti-social radicals as the IWW. Although Kendrick obviously had no respect whatsoever for Christian feelings, his words were published with the spelling "G.. d...", where a modern would have no hesitation in writing "God-damn". I first encountered this song about 30 years ago, though I recall that it then read "pirates' tools" rather than "tyrants' tools" in the last verse.



## GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226, USA. It circulates in APA-Filk, the quarterly filksong amateur press association, which is collated at this address. I suppose that makes me the Official Editor. The copy count is 50, and the next mailing will be collated on 1 August 1982. Back issues are 50¢ each; however, I only have them from #12. For information about earlier back issues of APA-Filk write to Bob Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N. Y. 11598, USA.

If you live out of town, and would like to receive APA-Filk, set up a postage account with me. The present accounts are summarized elsewhere in this issue. I will also print your 'zine at 1¢ per copy per sheet. If you want me to do your printing, send in your APA-Filk contribution on Gestetner stencils or on ditto masters.

Something of Note #13 (Lipton): Union butchers, stand together,  
Heed no angry housewife's tale.  
Keep your eye upon the rumpsteak,  
And your thumb upon the scale.

Singspiel #13 (Blackman): The Wally Wood . panel on the cover comes from a Dutch translation of "The Pipsqueak Papers".

A Wand'ring Mistrial I #1 (Schwartz): "Asatru" refers to those who, for varying motivations, have tried to revive the worship of the most unattractive set of gods ever worshipped - the Aesir, the old Norse pantheon. (These merged with a rather more respectable lot called the Vanir, of which the best known are Njördh and his children Frey and Freyja.) Some Asatru are innocent folklore enthusiasts; others are Nordic-supremacy nuts.

Strum und Drang V. IV, #1 (Burwasser): Well, it's not a song, but I've got a piece of half-written faaan fiction around in which the heroic mercenaries of the Planet Dorsalvertebral get clobbered, probably by the Inexpensive Amazons of the planet Duckunder. The problem with mercenaries, as the battle of Lützen proved, is that they eventually run up against people who know what they're fighting for.

For the Bardic Circle, why not a Magister, or Magistra, Ludorum? For example, even if I could sing decently I wouldn't run all five verses of the song on the opposite page through one filksinging session. I might cobble together a couple of verses out of the better lines of "Christians at War", but that would be it. The song as it was written in 1913 is rather too long, too concentrated, and too bitter for modern tastes. Speeches, also, were longer then than now; a political stemwinder in the William Jennings Bryan tradition was considered a washout if it lasted for only three hours. But we now have more different forms of entertainment, and shorter attention spans.

National Lampoon did a satire about a Creationist group that was having trouble with its tax returns. "We plan to base our defense on the perfectly plausible alternate theory that two and two make three."

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time #10 (Middleton): Unfortunately, this 'zine arrived the day after the 13th Mailing had been mailed out.

Most Evil Religious Fanatics in science-fiction and fantasy seem to be patterned after the Roman Catholic Church - hierarchical organization with a monstrously evil High Priest or Patriarch at the top: Edgar Rice Burroughs' Holy Therns, of the Scudderites of Robert Heinlein's "future history". But Dickson's Friendlies are modeled after the extreme low-church Protestants. Philip Jose Farmer's theocracy in The Lovers and Moth and Rust is virtually unique - it is a wayward form of Judaism. And in Flesh he has a matriarchal Paganism threatening the hero.

However, the main literary purpose of the Friendlies is to have someone against whom the heroic Dorsal can exercise their military virtues without making it seem like the author had given them pushovers for enemies. But mercenaries have to be kept in line. Often during the Renaissance, some Italian city-states found it necessary to hang the local equivalent of Colonel Jacques Chretien. They usually got away with it, too.

This is  
O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflame  
O Optic  
N Nerves  
# 1122



## THE FOLKS AIN'T AROUND FOLK CITY NO MORE

by David "Beryl" Phillips

((This article is reprinted without permission, or much of anything else, from the March 1982 issue of Night Call, the newspaper of Brooklyn College's evening session. - JB))

Simon's technically split from Garfunkel. Bob Dylan would feel more at home with Jerry Falwell than with Joan Baez. Peter, Paul and Mary are still suffering from an unsuccessful reunion. And folk music is alive at Folk City.

Barely. Actually, folk is the Karen Quinlan of music. Artificially being kept alive. The strangest thing is how, and who, is doing it.

I went down to Folk City in the Village last week. For those of you under 30, folk city is a typical village club with an untypical history. It was the most famous folk spot of the 50's and 60's. Besides the above name personages, many others like Judy Collins, Jose Feliciano, and Phil Ochs got their start there. Many of them often returned and kept it famous. It thrived on beatniks (you remember them, don't you?) and hippies. And talent. And talent scouts.

But times have changed. The Vietnam war is over. Jerry Rubin is a stockbroker. Abbie Hoffman's turned himself in. Ronald Reagan is the President. But don't mention that around Folk City. They don't know.

I really wanted to see who comes down there now. Have the people changed with the times? What are the songwriters writing and singing about? I was very surprised and depressed.

The audience was 80% women. They were 95% people who were in college in the late 60's and who never grew up. They don't know that the world has changed. They don't know that no one is rioting on the campuses anymore. They're oblivious to the last 10 or 12 years. They still have 1969 calendars on their walls and think the Humphrey and McGovern are still (politically) active.

The songs have changed somewhat. They are still full of flowers, flying and freedom, but they know that they can't sing about the black minority anymore. For one thing, blacks have made great strides in America. For another, they don't want whites' help.

The songs are still crybaby stuff, a lot about the new oppressed minority: women. But the framework is still the same: "Sisters, it's time to end our slavery...Do you know the way to Freedom?"

The audience ate all this stuff up including the introduction to the songs. They clapped long and hard for just about every song, especially those that had to do with women's causes. They liked being told that "this song is about the important women in your life - your mother, grandmother or lover." They enjoyed thinking that through their applause - like Peter Pan's request to clap so that Tinkerbell can live - the problems sung about would be solved.

The opening performer had an intro to a song that was so outrageous, I am still amazed at it. Apparently she had been working for some religious organization that had lost some money. She was ordered to find ways to cut costs. "So I came into this fancy oak wood office and looked at this board of six fat cats and knew that they'd never trim their salaries but cut jobs off and services to the minorities. So I pulled out my guitar and sang them this song."

Is she kiddings or serious? If she's kidding, I thought the honesty generation is not supposed to lie? And if she's serious, she ought to be locked up in a mental institution.

I was thinking about what to do about folk music. At first I thought of a crusade to 'pull the plug.' Then, I started thinking that what's really wrong with it is that it's too repetitious and too sugary. Too many of the same nauseating words and thoughts keep cropping up. So I figured out a real challenge.

I propose a one year ban on all folk music containing certain words. No singing or writing anything with: Love, Free, Freedom, Flower, Fly (the "f"'s are really big in folk music); Sky, Ground, Slavery, Cry and Tears, Wing, Sea, Dream, Sun, Life, Lonely, and



Pain. There are over 400,000 words in the English language, and I've banned only 17 of them. I figure this way we'll either get some really novel and creative music out of these folk songwriters or, finally, we'll be blessed with sounds of silence.

#### COMMENT

My first reaction, upon reading this article (reproduced with misprints intact) was an instinctive one of high indignation. After all, I was active in those social protest movements of the 1950s and 1960s, and I realized the strength that the songs gave to us. Granted, they were not all "folk songs" as the term is traditionally understood. A folk song does not have a definite author or time of composition. Versions of "The Hangman" are known in every language of Europe and western Asia. Scotland's "The Lass of Loch Ryal", about one sister who kills another for love of the same man, is to the same plot, but far different tune and dialect, as England's "The Berkshire Tragedy". The noble English lord whose true love does him wrong, or the poor black laborer crying out for a drink of water, are ancient fixtures in the folk repertory.

Songs which have definite known authors, but which catch on because of a timely message, have come to be counted among "folk songs". The compositions of Hudie Ledbetter ("Leadbelly") and Woody Guthrie are of this sort; so are "We Shall Overcome" and "Blowing in the Wind".

Yet when the Pacifist movement was crushed in the early 1970s, no enthusiasm seemed left for social protest. Blacks took control of their own movement, as Phillips points out, and while it is yet a force to be reckoned with, it now seems to have no songs. The obvious intent of the United States government to kill Pacifists, and to keep on killing Pacifists until they shut up, shut them up. When the protests ceased, the songs ceased too.

Ten years later, we see in Phillips's article what the outcome has been. The very idea that protest against injustice may be justified has passed from the scene. The 1960s are seen as an aberrant period, now blessedly long defunct. The minority who foregather at places like Folk City are people who "never grew up". Social protest, anti-war protest, is not merely futile, impotent, and dangerous to the protesters. It is passee. It is the intellectual equivalent of the cloche hat, the floor-length formal gown, the narrow necktie, and crew-cut, and the Mao jacket. Forming an organization to protest anything was to the 1960s what marathon dancing was to the 1930s, panty raids to the 1950s, or in our times punk rock, which died before the Establishment even came to see it as a menace.

The particular protest that draws Phillips's ire is Feminism. The Equal Rights Amendment, which grants to women nothing that the Fourteenth Amendment does not already grant them, has been stifled as a menace to American civilization. A trend more appropriate to our time was reported by Jane Ellis in the New York Post of 24 March 1982: A course given by psychotherapist Joanna Steichen in which 50 women learn "How To Marry Money". If this sort of thing keeps on, it is no wonder that the Equal Rights Amendment fails; women will at this rate be lucky to retain the right to vote. After all, a woman can have a far greater impact on a society by using "wiles" on her millionaire husband than by walking into a booth every November to choose between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

So, though my emotional indignation is kindled by Phillips' attitude, I realize that intellectually I cannot make a case against him. The whole history of the 20th century is a history of the Establishment's increasing skill at buying off a minimum number of dissenters and suppressing the rest. By now, the techniques work so well that the traditional firing-into-the-mob approach need be employed only in extreme and rare cases. Folk City, once the place out of which a whole generation of folksingers emerged to sing of discontents, is now a backwater of nostalgic and unreconciled malcontents. Whatever plans the Reagan Administration has for America and the world will be carried into effect without opposition from students, the poor, ethnic minorities, or much of anybody else.



If folksinging continues, it will go back to the old "narrative" sort, involving no blame on anyone except maybe jealous spouses, fathers who force daughters into unwanted marriages, or highwaymen. After all, the folksong of social protest was not invented in 1954. There are such venerable things as "Die Gedanken Sind Frei", "Winemercy a Day", and "Follow the Drinking Gourd". The songs which protest some evil long since dead, such as slavery, may even be allowed to survive. But safer would be such "police blotter songs" as "Down By the Greenwood Side", "False Larkin", and "The Ballad of Jesse James". They have 20th-century equivalents too, such as "Thunder Road" and "Rocky Paccoon".

As with folk, so with filk. A lot of the old "folksongs" of protest were actually folksongs, written with a satirical or parodic intent to the tune of a well-known hymn, folksong, or even singing commercial. (By stretching the definitions a little, the present American and Australian national anthems could be regarded as folksongs.) The 1913 Pacifist song reprinted on page 2 of this issue of *ANATREON* is as much a folksong as is "God Bless Free Enterprise".

We in APA-Filk illustrate this as well as anything. The very idea of getting all us APA-Filkers, or even a substantial majority, politically involved in the same cause is preposterous. If we should wake up some morning to find racial segregation firmly established in the South in all its strength of, say, 1950, that might do it, but I beg leave to doubt even that. We are all exchanging these song-sheets and comments every three months to impress each other with our own and other people's wit. The very idea of having any "impact" with them is foreign to us. Greg Baker's satires on the Iranian and F--kland crises will cause us all to laugh, but according to the orders he receives, Lieutenant Baker will go off to "shoot at the British, at the Argentines, at both, or at neither. Many of us find, in the SCA's version of the Dark Ages, a sense of order and a field for accomplishment which our own times utterly lack; it is easier and more pleasant to write verses for or against the Mongol Khan than to do the same for a modern nuclear power.

#### ROMPY ROGOW SINGS AGAIN

Roberta Rogow has once again bundled together her song-sheets, and the result is Rec-Room Rhymes #2. Unfortunately, no price or address is listed, and I forget what I paid for it at Lunacon. However, Greg Baker, whose address probably appears somewhere in this Mailing, will know where to get in touch with her.

Melody Pondeau's front cover shows Darth Vader leading a singing session of various characters from Star Wars, Star Trek, and Elquest. Unlike Rec-Room Rhymes #1, this collection is largely non-Star Trek. Many of them are from Star Wars, including one to the tune of "Wanderin'":

"My daddy was a Jedi, so Ben Kenobi said,  
Now I find he's Darth Vader, and I wish that I was dead,  
And it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'!"

There is also a "Song for a Closely Encountered Person", which will probably be better known as "Twinkle Twinkle U. F. O." Then Rogow takes on two of the most adulated myth scenarios in s-f: Marion Zimmer Bradley's Darkover and Roger Zelazny's "Amber". For Amber there is one serious and one frivolous song. The serious one is to the tune of the Jewish hymn "Jerusalem the Golden", which is not the same as the Protestants' "Jerusalem the Golden". The frivolous one begins: "Wake up, wake up, fightin' Corwin..."

On Darkover, the "Ballad of Lord Dyan Ardais" is to the tune of "Wack the Knife", and warns Darkovan youth against the predatory, gay cadet-master who figures in several of the books:

"Lewis Alton, Regis Hastur,  
Dani Syrtis most of all -  
Then they deal with Dyan Ardais,  
Keep their backs against the wall!"

There is already one filksong about the Arilinn Tower, where the telepathic aristo-



crats of Darkover dwell. It begins "My mother was the Keeper of the Arilinn Tower", is to the tune of "Eddystone Light", was written by Bettina Helms, and appeared in *ANATHEON* #2, nearly 3 years ago. Roberta's is to the tune of "Red River Valley":

"You are leaving us now, with no Keeper,  
And you know you will sorely be missed;  
For you've got what it takes to be Keeper -  
Seventeen, and you've never been kissed!"

The terrible winters of Darkover are sung in another song, to the tune of "Hard, Ain't It Hard?" - which, to judge from the Darkover books, it frequently is during those long, snow-bound winter seasons.

"The people who live on this planet  
Are mean and superstitious as they come;  
They don't read or write, they just want to fight -  
It's not that they're ignorant, they're dumb!"

(I once put forward a personal opinion on why Feminist s-f writers seem to prefer cold, wintry planets, like Ursula Le Guin's *Winter in The Left Hand of Darkness*, or Marion Zimmer Bradley's *Darkover*. It is a reaction against masculine fantasies about warm tropical islands on which scantily clad damsels eagerly serve every whim of the explorer, shipwrecked sailor, or remittance man.)

Finally, there is a sar/donic/castic female look at the phenomenon of male bonding, a venerable theme in fiction. "Mucho Macho", to the tune of "A Man's a Man For A' That", has a rather different look at what may lie beneath the close relationship between Kirk and Spock, Starsky and Hutch, Solo and Kuryakin.

#### I DREAMT I SAW PETE QUINT LAST NIGHT

(Tune: "Joe Hill")

I dreamt I saw Pete Quint last night,  
As drunk as he could be.  
Says I, "But Pete, you're six months dead."  
"I never died," said he.  
"I never died," said he.

"Delerium tremens got you, Pete.  
It killed you, Pete!" said I  
"Takes more than gin to kill a man,"  
Says Pete, "I didn't die."  
Says Pete, "I didn't die."

And staggering there as drunk as life,  
And bleary in his eyes,  
Said Pete, "That gin could never kill,  
"Went on to terrorize.  
"Went on to terrorize."

"From upstairs hall out to the lake,  
Behind each bush and tree,  
I pounce upon those nasty kids,  
And practice sodomy,  
And practice sodomy."

LARGO:  
I dreamt I saw Pete Quint last night,  
As drunk as he could be.  
Says I, "But Pete, you're six months  
dead."  
"I never died," said he.  
"I never died," said he.  
(PAUSE)  
"I never died," said he.

This one probably requires a brief explanation. When I was an undergraduate, Henry James was still regarded as a writer of major stature. Departments of English have since cured themselves of this delusion, but there was a time when his short story "The Turn of the Screw" was a fixture in college English courses. I discovered this the same year I learned "Joe Hill", and this was the result. For the purposes of the song, I have accepted the assumption - left open in the story - that Quint's ghost was real, and not a figment of the imaginations of "those nasty kids". The alleged point of the story is that this question is left open. If, by deciding the matter in this direction, I have spoiled anyone's enjoyment of it, I have no apologies whatsoever.

For further details on Henry James, see the section "A Few New Turns of the Screw" in R. P. Falk's anthology *The Antic Muse* (Grove Press, 1955).



## THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

With the 13th Distribution, I took over from Bob Lipton the editorship of APA-Filk, and with it the finances and the responsibility for mailing to out-of-town readers the quarterly mailings. I neglected to include the postage accounts in ANAKREON #13, and am doing so here, with the accounts including the 13th Mailing. The accounts of two APA-Filk readers who also get APA-Q have been combined with their APA-Q accounts; these are Dana Hudes and Jim Rittenhouse. The balances of other APA-Filkers, as of 15 April 1982, are as follows.

|               |         |               |        |                    |        |
|---------------|---------|---------------|--------|--------------------|--------|
| Greg Baker    | -\$1.87 | Sean Cleary   | +17.82 | Margaret Middleton | +2.00  |
| Mark Blackman | +12.95  | Harold Groot  | +4.28  | Dana Hussaf        | +21¢   |
| Lee Burwasser | +3.00   | Jordin Kare   | +6.47  | Mark Richards      | +11.57 |
| Marc Glasser  | +2¢     | Dave Klapholz | +26¢   | Bill Atkins        | -32¢   |

To find your present balance, add whatever money you've sent in since 15 April, and subtract the postage on the envelope that brings this issue to you, with another 3¢ for the envelope. It was Bob's practice to drop everyone whose account falls into negative numbers; I plan to do this also. The following people have been dropped from the list Bob gave me for this reason: Harry Andruschak -1¢; Elliot Shorter -2.00; Dana Snow -15¢.

A sizable number of the present Mailing should be picked up on the collation date, since we expect a lot of New York area fans at our monthly First Saturday tonight. Of course these will not be charged postage.

People who get both APA-Q (an amateur press association collated at this address every 3 weeks) and APA-Filk will be mailed the 175th Distribution of the former and the 11th Mailing of the latter in the same envelope. (APA-Q #17 was put together a week ago.)

For information on copy count, and other things about APA-Filk, see page 3.

## THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

News reports about the squabble over the Falkland Islands claim that some Falklander composed a folksong about the time the Argentines moved in. To the tune of a well-known song from a musical, it is called "Don't Try It Here, Argentina!" Hopefully some alert type might be able to furnish us with a copy of it by the next Mailing.

(Do you suppose that the song will ever be recorded by Malvina Reynolds?)

ANAKREON #14

John Boardman  
234 East 19th Street  
Brooklyn, New York 11226  
U. S. A.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

This publication is positively guaranteed to be edited in the secular humanist tradition.



THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME #10 for APA-Filk #13  
by Margaret Middleton, PO Box 9911, Little Rock, AR 72219

I'll warn you right-off that this machine doesn't make very good mimeo stencils. Probably you already noticed...

I'm a couple of issues behind, aren't I? I did compose comments on Mailing #11 when it arrived, but I got distracted and never mimeo'd them. I'll include them as-appropriate in my comments on #12.

The Xeroxed christmas-card was sent me by Chris Weber and I consider it the prize of the season. It is one from the Recycled Paper Products Company of Chicago.

Now for Comments:  
SINGSPIEL (Mark Blackman): I agree w/n the "Crock" cartoon. Managed to miss that one when it ran; the paper here has moved it back among the classifieds (replacing it with the Muppets, I think)

PEANUTS a few weeks ago was running a series with Woodstock getting himself entangled with Schroder's music staves.

STRUM UND DRANG (Lee Burwasser) The closest things to NonTrekFilk by Leslie Fish are "Hope Eyrie" and "Toast for Unknown Heroes", and the Kipling stuff she's done music for. Even some of the TrekFish isn't all that Trek-specific: "Thoughts on Strange Visitors" and "Starwind Rising" come to mind in particular.// From #11, my comments-in-the margin in response to your question about the distinction between Audience Participation and Group Sing go thusly: AP is when the listeners know the song well enough to contribute harmonies and counterpoints, as well as basic singing-along and interpolating sound effects. GS is when you announce the song, give them time to find the words, and then basically sit back and strum while the mob carries the tune, once tempo and key have been negotiated// I forget now which Cable TV service carries "What's Up, America?"; I ran across it randomly a couple of times during December. That edition carried a bit of coverage of a Pennsic War, presumably the most recent. I even recognized some familiar faces!

FRINGEFAN (Glasser/Baker): I think that was done at Denvention but I have not reviewed my tapes from that recently. There was another Hitchhiker-filk called "It's Improbable" done, too. Tune of "Its Impossible".

ANAKREON (John Boardman) From #11: You continue to (apparently willfully) miss the point of Gordon Dickson's entire sequence of "Dorsai" stories, which is not the glorification of military mercenaries (or any other group) as they exist currently, but an examination of the optimum potential of that and several other culture-matrices, and the end-effect on the human race if all these optimum potentials could be achieved more or less simultaneously. I don't see him catching any where near the same flak about the "Friendlies" as he does about the "Dorsai", but consider that man-of-faith extrapolation and then think when was the last time you saw any large group of religious fervents which was willing to allow its members to envision the Deity in any manner differing from the vision of the Founder. I keep "Deity" singular because the particular group he extrapolates are monotheists. Polytheists are almost by definition more accepting of alternatives in this matter.



SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM, page 2  
ANAKREON cont'd.

Which doesn't have a hell of a lot to do with filking, except that too many writers of filksongs also miss the distinction, or, worse, write "Dorsai" songs without having read the stories, even. And those, yes, err most strongly in the direction you are deploring. As an enthusiastic fancier of the stories, I tend to condemn such songs more on their inaccuracy to the source-material than on their intrinsic content, however.// From #12, OTR verses #306, 310, 364 (with a slight rewrite to get it out of first-person) and #376 look like survivors. A lot of the others seem to reverent to go over in a standard filksing group.// I fairly promptly copied-out "Be Pagan Once Again" and sent it to Marty Burke (I wonder how many others did...Harold?) I haven't heard any reaction...yet.

FILKERS DO IT. (Harold Groot) I'm looking forward to hearing "Hearth-fire/Woodfire" at ConFusion. Weather-permitting. It has finally started snowing here; I took about 3 inches off my driveway this morning and it is still coming. That may not sound much to you folks up in the Northeast, but you gotta realize: the Arkansas Highway Department owns no snowplows. Neither does the City or County... It's really not too bad when I've got the road to myself and my front-wheel-drive Subaru. It's when I have to be dodging the other drivers (most of whom don't know how to drive on snow) that it gets thrilling.

HDSQ & SOMETHING OF NOTE: No comments, Jordin & Bob.

It's been a strange/busy Fall: Denvention, OtherCon, ConClave, and ROC\*KON all in a row, at approximately 2-week intervals. Then in early November I changed my kitchen floor (buy knee-pads if any of y'all ever go to put down self-stick tile!). After that, I drove down to Liberty, TX to bring my mother up for Thanksgiving & Chambanacon (she's fannish) only we both came down with the flu. By the time we both got over that and got in any visiting, it was almost Christmas, so she stayed til after New Years. The trip taking her back was a good road-test for the new tape-recorder my husband got me for Christmas. Works fine.

I was Fan GoH at OtherCon, to Gordy Dickson's Pro Guest. We were kind of still celebrating his 2 Hugos from Denvention. The filk audience in central Texas is enthusiastic, if not well-acquainted with the material.

I concur with Harold's report of ConClave.

ROC\*KON was a blast. Filkers on-hand included Marty Burke (our Fan GoH), Bob Asprin (Toastmaster), Randy Farran of Parsons KS, Dennis Drew of Joplin MO, Helen-Jo Hewitt of Austin TX, Greg Hagglund of Toronto, as well as my two filk-protegees (just about graduate-students, now!) Michele Cox and Diane Crockett. We have also corrupted Christie Saunders, a local folkie and fantasy-reader. I have got to get those three up to someplace in the Fannish Midwest somewhen--Rivercon or Chambanacon...

The only new song I've done is an adaptation-to-the-Dorsai of an Irish lament called "Shanagolden". I learned it from Marty, and only changed maybe a dozen words. The tune is "I Gave My Love a Cherry" aka "Until the 12th of Never". Audiences tend to cry.



SHANAGOLDEN

Irish Traditional

adapted to the Dorsai by Margaret Middleton  
tune" I Gave My Love a Cherry"

          C                          Am                          F                          C  
The cold winds from the mountains are calling soft to me;  
          G7                          C          Am                          C                          G7  
The smell of scented heather brings bitter memories;  
                                  C          Am                          C                          G7  
And the wild and lonely eagle sweeps high up in the sky  
          Am                          F                          C                          G7          C  
O'er the fields near Shanagolden, where my young Willie died.

I met him in the wintertime, when the snow was on the ground.  
The Dorsai hills were peaceful, and love was all around.  
He was scarcely twenty-one years old, a young man fine and brave;  
We were married, me and Willie, on the morn of New Year's Day.

Then came the call to arms, and the hills they were in flames.  
Down from the silent heavens, the Terran strangers came.  
I held him in my arms, then, my young heart wild with fear,  
In the fields near Shanagolden, in the springtime of the year.

And we fought the, I and Willie, to hold our rooftrees ground.  
You could hear the rifles firing, in the mountains all around.  
I held him in my arms again, and his blood ran free and bright  
And he died near Shanagolden, on a moonlit summer night.

But that was long ago, now, and our son grows fine and strong;  
The Dorsai hills are at peace again: the Terran strangers gone.  
We'll place a red rose on the grave, in the silvery pale moonlight,  
And I'll dream of Shanagolden, on a lonely autumn night.

Notes: the time-frame of the song is the DeCastries invasion of  
the Dorsai homeworld, as detailed in "Amanda Morgan" and "Dorsai!"  
Gordy agrees that there could well be a Dorsai homestead named  
"Shanagolden". msm







THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME #11 for APA-Filk #14.  
by Margaret Middleton, PO Box 9911, Little Rock, AR 72219

I see my previous mailing didn't get there in time to be included in AF13; let's tack this sheet(s) onto the front of that wad for #14 and if I get any more to you in time for #14 add them on at the back.

#### MAILING COMMENTS

ANAKREON: The IWW is still around, in some places. Read the . fine print on the covers of Leslie Fish's album.

SOMETHING OF NOTE: I recall hearing some light-bulb jokes at ConFusion, but I didn't take note of who the exact miscreant was.// No immediate inspiration on the "glorious future" song.

SINGSPIEL: no comment, sorry.

FILKERS DO IT TIL DAWN: Best joke in "High(Mileage)King" was the last line! As one who willingly drives long distances to cons I can appreciate some of the complications of the man's situation.

WANDERING MISTRIAL: Aha! A new accomplice!//Oh, Bless you, sir! The copyright info was quite comprehensible.

STRUM UND DRANG: O-ghod, Lee! As a filker with many contacts among the DI-and-peripheral-folk, I could not resist extracting your challenge and blitzing it off to appropriate people. How far retro-active are you allowing? Clif Flynt first got the attention of the DI's & Co. with a short one about a Dorsai being downed by the fifth fifth of Tully.//Sounds like Philcon of this winter is the Stuff of Legend...//Second Law' is priceless! (remember where I live!)

SONG OF THE SCOP: Another new one! You sound like One of Us for-sure!

Hm. Still half a sheet to cover. Okay, a quick report on ConFusion. The first con I'd been to in a long while where the high points of the trip were the low points. Emotionally. We got blizzarded out of Sweeney's on Sunday night. Marty Burke's mother died early Monday. And Marty himself is scheduled back into the hospital on Feb.15 for more cancer surgery. (Don't worry; the first thing I put on any following pages will be the outcome of this.)

The con itself is rather vague in my memory. I was hucking during the day, so saw none of the programming. I had my taper running on Friday & Saturday nights, though, and recall several goodies coming past. I haven't as-of-now reviewed the tape to see what-all of it I'm going to want to include in KANTELE. If you think Tracy's dress had a Neckline, Harold, wait til I can bring her sister Sharon up thataway...

Bayfilk will be come and gone by time this is read, but the Kansas City folk will still be putting the last touches on FilkCon 4.2. It's to be held in - connection with ConQuest 3, over Memorial Day weekend. If John is as prompt getting AF14 out as he was 13, there'll still be time for last-minute decisions-to-go. Info Bob Bailey, (816)753-2450, or PO Box 32055, Kansas City MO 64141







## Marty 2, Cancer O

How's that for a billboard headline? I talked to Marty's wife just before setting-out for BAYFILK and got the report that this time the medics had nailed the lesions before the critters actually turned malignant. This round of surgery was so much less traumatic than the first, that Marty was back-singing at his regular gigs the immediately-following weekend. I've talked to the leprechaun himself since then, and he seems in excellent spirits. At the particular time, he was in the process of picking-up the dropped threads of various projects which had gotten scrambled during February, but reported most folks had been good-humored about reminding him of things.

The BAYFILK west-coast FilkCon (4.1) was a blast and a half. Teri & Co. flew me out there the last Saturday in February and I spent a week before the convention visiting with folks and doing a day of tourist schtick in San Francisco. I was billeted with Jeff Rogers & Stacey Jenkins, more of the Off-Centaur group. Jeff is the resident tape-techie of Off-Centaur, and I am looking forward with some glee to introducing him to Mike Tattan at Chicon. Their minds work the same: at 7½ ips.

Off-Centaur was featuring at BAYFILK a tape of Juanita Coulson singing (mostly) her own material, collected at last summer's Los Angeles FilkCon. I immediately ordered a stock for my own huckster table, and am waiting with moderate patience for Buck and Juanita to finish mastering-up the companion tape, of Juanita singing Martha Keller's songs.

Leslie Fish was also at BAYFILK. Off-Centaur managed to bring her out as a second featured guest of the convention. When Jordin went out to the airport Thursday to meet her, he took me along as a spotter: none of the California crowd had met Leslie in person before that time. Word from Teri is, Leslie enjoyed herself so much in the Bay Area fannish community, she is looking to move out there. If Harold manages to relocate himself in Silicon Valley, too, the Bay Area filk population will sustain some very high-quality population growth.

Speaking of population growth, Cathy Cook's baby arrived March 28. A girl, Robyn Elisabeth. Cathy had been given a button at Bayfilk, identifying the imminent arrival as member "17.5: Robyn and/or EthanAllen Cook".

Friday night, BAYFILK tried an experiment, filk-wise, of setting up a F\*O\*R\*M\*A\*L P\*R\*O\*G\*R\*A\*M: anyone interested (this was strictly voluntary) could sign up to do a coherent set of songs. Besides Leslie and me, the program included Karen Willson (she sounds much better in-person--even with a sore throat--than on those tapes Hourglass was selling last year; Off-Centaur is arranging to produce her next tape), Cynthia McQuillen (sort of the West Coast Juanita, only a contralto), the Los Angeles FilkHarmonics (impossible to describe), and Oak Ash & Thorn, a quartet of guys who mostly work the Renaissance Fairs and SCA events up and down the West Coast. Sort of the West-coast equivalent of Clam Chowder & Marty Burke.

BLATANT COMMERCIAL PLUG: I have recordings and/or songbooks from all of these folks. Catch me at my dealers' table or write for prices.

Karen Willson's sore throat, unfortunately, spread to a large fraction of the convention attendees, including me. But that was almost the only unpleasant happening of the weekend.

It was with some actual reluctance that I went to Aggiecon XIII, three weeks following Bayfilk. My voice was only just recovered from the sore throat contracted at Bayfilk, and in Texas I can look forward to being almost the only singer on-hand. On the other hand, the size Aggiecon is, as a dealer I just about couldn't help making money on the trip.

My first expectation was somewhat upset, the second entirely confirmed.



Texas filkfandom is finally growing some guitarists. Jorge Macias, from Brownsville (talk about being stuck out the backside of beyond!) showed up, having had filk described to him and eager to learn. He wound up buying a carefully-calculated \$20 worth of books and asking for my address whereby to order more come future paydays. Then there was Mike Condray, one of the A&M students, who had encountered filk at Eastcoast cons before college, and was suffering severe withdrawal symptoms by-time of Aggiecon. Peter Schorn and Helen-Jo Hewitt were also on-hand; these two have been hooked on filk for 2 or 3 years and we look forward to singing together each Aggiecon.

On the hucking front, as I said, I almost couldn't help making money. What shocked me was, how much! I ran out of button-guts, for openers, and sold out of FAN-Tastic #1 (Eric Gerd's excellent and beautifully printed zine; this issue featured Chris Weber's songs) and both of Diana Gallagher's tapes and nearly sold-out of Westerfilks. Very gratifying, and I think I'll go back again next year.

There probably won't be time after MINICON for me to get another page done-up and sent before the 14th mailing, but it promises to be another BASH: Spider Robinson is one of the guests. I have been trying to meet him for 3 or 4 years, now, and at one time was researching the possibility of having him and Jeanne as guests at ROC\*KON. That was before I found out how much airfare from Halifax costs.... (Aggiecon and OKon are the only cons in this area with a large enough population base to afford that kind of travel costs!) Anyway, I've been re-reading all of his books that I have, and re-discovering some songs he tucked into various volumes. That weekend is gonna be fun!





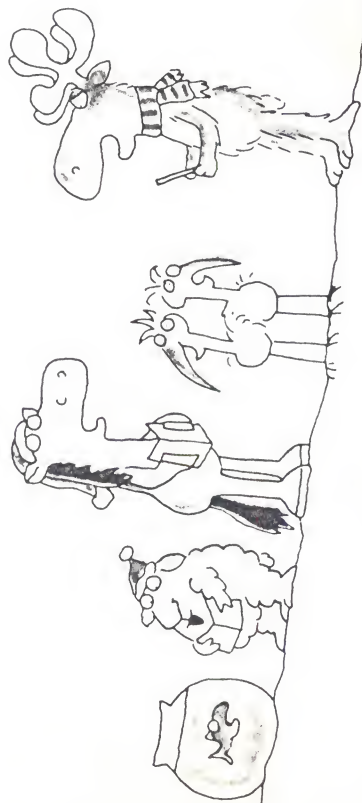




Wee fish ewe a mare e-grets moose, wee

fish ewe a mare e-grets moose, wee

fish ewe a mare e-grets moose, and a



Boynton

hip-po gnu year!



See, even Christmas cards can be

fulled!

Best wishes Jim Weber